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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1918.

They Have GIVEN ALL—You
Are Asked to LOAN A PART



GOVERNOR MANNING AND MRS. MANNING, OF SOUTH CAROLINA, WHOSE SIX BOYS ARE ALL IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." St. John XV-13.

There be things, however, that men and women hold dearer than life.

There are many fathers and mothers who would willingly give their lives to spare their sons or daughters sorrow or suffering or disgrace, to say nothing of death.

Hundreds of fathers and mothers are willingly making a supreme sacrifice when they send their boys to fight for the world's liberty.

We print above the picture of Governor Manning of South Carolina, and his wife, who have just added the sixth and final star to their service flag.

Five of their sons are already in France, and the sixth, and youngest, has just joined the colors.

But they, in giving their all, have done no more than thousands of other fathers and mothers who have seen all their boys, one, two, three or four, march away for the front. They, too, have given to the utmost. They, too, have given ALL.

To support those boys who have gone away, to make more certain their return, to assure the winning of the cause for which they are fighting, the Government is asking you today for the loan of what you can spare.

It asks the soldiers to GIVE their lives, not to loan them. It asks you only to LOAN your money, not to give it.

It asks you to loan every cent you can without risking health or happiness, and it promises to repay you with interest.

When so many thousands have responded with what was more precious to them than any measure of wealth, can you hesitate to subscribe and subscribe to your limit to the Fourth Liberty Loan? Ask yourself the question.

What Is the Best Poem—for
Mothers Worrying About
Their Boys Abroad?

An Answer from Mrs. Champ Clark.

There were printed six lines of verse which you may read farther on. Readers were asked to say what they thought about the verses, whether they were written by a real poet.

One reader writes: "Yes, it is poetry. I have seen worse—but not much."

For his information we may say that the six lines were written by Robert Browning, who has quite a reputation as a poet.

Mrs. Champ Clark, wife of the Speaker, sends in her opinion, which will interest readers. After quoting the Browning verses, Mrs. Clark quotes verses by Richard Lovelace, which she considers to be the best poetry available for any kind of a human being.

What is your opinion, what poem would you offer to a man up a tree—in difficulties, or to a woman whose only son has crossed the sea?

Here is Mrs. Champ Clark's interesting letter and comment:

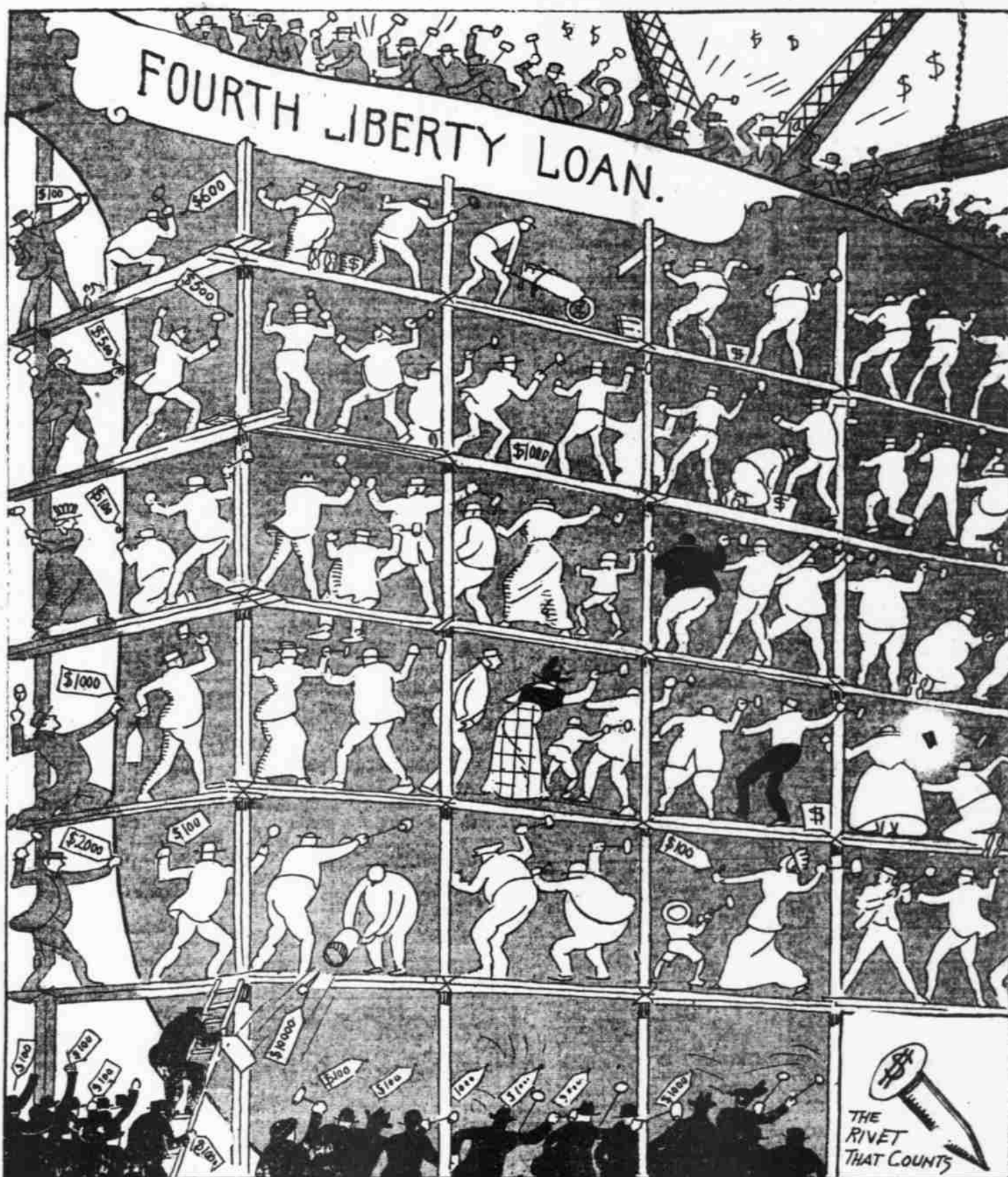
Dear Sir: The honest truth is that I don't know anything about the following poem:

*She shall speak to me in places lone,
With a low and holy tone.
Ay! When I have lit my lamp at night,
She shall be present with my sprite;
And I will say, wherever it be,
Every word she teach me.*

Let me be truthful though the heavens fall.
There is nothing in that poetry that appeals to a man up a tree.
(Continued in Last Column.)

Get Your Rivets In---
Don't Worry About the Size of the Ship

By T. E. POWERS



Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers
Especially for Washington Women

HOW much deceit should a wife tolerate in a husband? This question, with a thousand variations, comes to me every day. It comes in a particularly clear cut form in a letter of a Washington woman twenty-four years old, who tells me that she is heartbroken because her husband "tells lies continually."

That she repeatedly told him that she wants to know the truth "no matter what happens," but he breaks promises as often as he makes them.

Having no children, and having had experience in supporting herself, this unhappy girl asks whether she shall continue her effort to "reform" her husband, or leave him and shift for herself. For, as she rather pathetically adds, "I may have lots to live for yet."

The only difficulty in answering this question is that even if the writer of it lived next door to me, even if I had her story from her own lips, it wouldn't be entirely fair to pass judgment until I had heard the other side of the case.

From this most sincere sounding letter I admit that the husband seems wholly to blame. But how can one be sure that there isn't a wee bit of excuse for him?

Not that lies are ever to be condoned. But haven't we all known cases where a man's lapse into this fault could at least be understood? Cases, I mean, where a wife hadn't learned that the right kind of love implies trustfulness and consideration and courtesy and that in fact marriage won't "work" when these qualities are absent.

A wife that loves her husband in a way that leads her to be jealous and suspicious, to cross-question him, to have sulks, and to "make scenes" shouldn't be surprised if sometimes her tormented partner gives her an untrue or evasive answer just so that home will be a pleasanter place.

A man who will lie to his wife in order to protect himself and secure a peaceful evening at home isn't a hero. I should never think of defending him, but it can at least be admitted that his wife is to blame as well as he.

Don't Refer the Matter to Mother. So before a wife allows herself to become utterly discouraged

TODAY'S TOPIC
"REFORMING" A HUSBAND.

with her husband or with marriage she ought to review her own behavior with a good deal of care. I don't mean that she should refer the matter to an idolizing mother or to an affectionate sister or some friend who is pretty sure to confirm her own belief that she has been injured.

No one else can tell her what she ought to know herself. Has she been fair and reasonable and kind and has she given the man every chance to be open and "square" with her? If she hasn't, I think she should give her husband, who, after all, may love her very much, another chance. If she has done all this and still failed—well, in that case, there is nothing more to be said.

For when the fault really is all on one side, and when the husband—or the wife, as it might be in some cases—is as deaf to reasonable appeals as the husband described in the letter I have quoted, then the situation has become serious, and I warmly sympathize with the wife who has sadly begun to feel that under such conditions, marriage cannot be permanent.

Indeed, a marriage that isn't a marriage, and that can't after honest trial, be remade into the real thing, OUGHT not to be permanent. Perhaps that sounds extreme. Perhaps some of my correspondents won't agree with me. But let me explain what I mean:

No Way To Treat Soldiers.

To the Editor of THE TIMES: A party of seven soldiers who went into the Blank Restaurant the other night for a little after-dinner lunch have the following to relate of their experience in said restaurant:

After waiting about forty-five minutes to be served, during which time the waiter in charge of our table served at least six other parties, the meals were finally delivered to us in a manner as would indicate that we were either seeking charity or were possibly a herd of cattle. Upon receiving our bill we noticed that there was an overcharge of 40 cents. We were informed that the

extra 40 cents was for eight slices of bread, although the menu stated that bread and tea were served free with all orders, or rather were included in the price of the various dishes served. Further, would state that we received no tea and paid 40 cents for the bread.

Incidentally, we might state that we were called "a bunch of cheap skates" by the woman at the door for not donating a "tip."

In closing, would state that we American boys are very enthusiastic in going away, giving up our all and shedding our life's blood for such people as are herein mentioned.

We enjoy your "Heard and Seen" column very much. More power to you. SEVEN SOLDIER BOYS.

an's entire self, the gift of her life, her energy, her love—with no idea in the world of giving her a full equivalent.

Such a man as this may honestly believe that his own life is still his secret affair, and that if an innocent wife asks him innocent questions—too many of them, at least—she really can expect nothing better than to be lied to. Do men ever think in just this fashion? Never having been a man, I cannot be sure. But a great many of them act as if they did.

Idealism and Common Sense.

If they do, however, they must unlearn this very serious mistake. The girls of today have grown out of the defenseless ignorance that possibly invited deceit from the unscrupulous. They are far more self-reliant and better informed than the girls of even a generation ago.

They understand marriage better and are better equipped to play their part in it. They know truth-telling to be a virtue from which neither sex is exempt. They know that if marriage is to be a success, husbands and wives must have the same code. This is idealism, but it is sound, common sense at the same time. And it is surely a hopeful sign for the marriages of the future that so many girls and boys both, of the present day, are coming to see things in this light.

There is, of course, the other, sterner side of this question. If you have the highest view of marriage, and demand perfect honesty and fairness both from yourself and the man you marry, you can't conscientiously continue to stand for a marriage that after all your best efforts turns out to be a sham. A woman who trusts that there is any virtue in sacrificing her whole life to a man who refuses to act squarely with her. There's a point where faithfulness and patience and all the rest of it leave off and servility begins. And a woman who finds herself in a situation of this sort is fortunate if she is young, strong, and equipped for self-support. If she can no longer respect her husband, she can have the satisfaction of thoroughly respecting herself. And as my young correspondent says, "she may have lots to live for yet."

Baltimore Charges the W., B. &
A. Money For Parking in
the Street

While in Washington we allow the road to do about as it pleases FREE.

By EARL GODWIN.

It may be interesting to Washington, especially to the Public Utilities Commission, that while the Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis cars are parking FREE on Washington streets (in violation of the police regulations) the city of Baltimore intends to CHARGE money for the privilege.

The Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis cars which stand in Baltimore streets take up just as much room in Washington streets when they arrive here. In addition, the line treats Washington passengers with more discourtesy than you will find anywhere else in a long day's journey.

The fact that Baltimore is tired of letting the big inter-urban cars use the city streets FREE is related in the Baltimore American, September 25, as follows:

W., B. & A. MUST PAY CITY.

The Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis Electric Railroad will have to pay the city \$1,000 a year for the privilege of permitting its cars to remain upon the tracks on Liberty street between Lexington and Fayette. It has been the practice of the electric line to permit cars to stand on the tracks throughout the greater part of the day.

General Manager J. J. Doyle appeared before the Board of Estimates yesterday and was told that the board had agreed to fix the charge at \$1,000 a year. The original charge recommended by the Bureau of Minor Privileges was \$300 a year, but the Board of Estimates thought this too low. The electric line will have to pay \$1,000 for the year beginning last October 1.

Let me reiterate that the W., B. and A. should be compelled to have a station of its own EAST of Fourteenth street; that it should treat its passengers better; that it should NOT be permitted to park its HUGE cars free of all charge in the very throat of the city. Policemen will arrest automobile drivers for parking cars in violation of the regulations, and yet no one seems to mind the over-weening nerve of the W., B. and A. in using OUR streets as it pleases, without charge.

Perhaps the Public Utilities Commission will see things the same way after reading what the enlightened city of Baltimore has done.

HEARD AND SEEN

Bet Your Money On the U. S. A.

Here is a little slogan for the coming Liberty loan campaign: A LIBERTY BOND is a life insurance policy on UNCLE SAM! Take a policy on HIM NOW!

This little slogan may be old but I do not remember of ever hearing it so I thought I may as well send it to you to publish in your little column.

Are you going to take out any policies on Uncle Sam? I am, so I guess you will, like everyone else will.

Here's to the success of the Fourth loan and hoping that it may be the last, I am,

RICHARD O. SCHMIDT,
215 S St. N. W.

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

As a constant reader of your valuable paper I hasten to congratulate you upon your manly stand and timely editorial relative to the lower paid Government employees. Actuated by a sense of gratitude I am impelled to thank you and your valuable paper for its advocacy of our interests, and I sincerely hope that every man and woman in our class will become a reader of your noble paper.

ALPHONSE PERKINS,
426 Q Street.

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

FRANK CULVERWELL says he was going down to work the other morning on a Georgia avenue car, and eventually they arrived at the pit just north of W street. The car was full of workers, and it waited at the pit ten minutes, and being late the passengers naturally commenced to wonder why the car didn't go on about its business. Then a north-bound car came along and anchored over the pit, and the pit man removed the plow from the northbound car and hung it on the southbound car, and everybody went merrily on their way.

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

That must have been a community plow.

Some of those naughty strike breakers must have pawed the plows on this line.

Correcting the Editor.

WILLIAM R. McDOWELL hands me a wallop in the shape of the daylight saving law which says that the hour for changing the clocks back to nature's time is "2 o'clock antimeridian the last Sunday in October."

How foolish of me to say 12 o'clock.

I merely called up the Railroad Administration and got hold of OSCAR PRICE, who runs everything up there, and HE told me that the time for changing the clocks was 12 o'clock.

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

However, regular folks who go to bed at 10 o'clock every night, as I do, don't know the difference between 12 and 2.

A lieutenant in the army was ordered to Washington. He put up at a hotel not far from the old Pennsylvania station, an old-time hang-out of Governor Blanchard, of Louisiana. "How much?" he asked the clerk. "Three dollars," was the reply. The next day a friend came to Washington. He was unable to find a room. "Come down with me," says the lieutenant. "All right," says his friend. They slept together in a 2x4. At the end of two days the lieutenant's friend found a room. So did the lieutenant. "How much," says the lieutenant once more. "Six dollars a day," replies the clerk. "But you said it would only be \$3 a day for the room," responded the astounded officer. "How do you make it?" "Oh, you cheap country guys make me tired. Don't you know this is Washington, and we get what we ask? Now pay your bill and shut up. Can you beat it? What I want to know is, "Why the lieutenant paid?"

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

A war worker who rented some rooms with the understanding that heat would be furnished, is now informed by his landlady that he cannot expect any heat this winter at the price he is paying. He had better take the case up with the Housing Bureau at 1321 New York avenue.

BET YOUR MONEY ON THE U. S. A.

Who Remembers

"Do They Think of Me At Home?" "I'll Be Free and Easy Still!" "Give Us Back Our Old Commander" and "The Sword of Bunker Hill." "Mother, Is the Battle Over?" "What Are the Men About?" "How is Horace Greely?" "Does Your Mother Know You're Out?" "The Captains With His Whiskers," and "Annie of the Vale." "Along With Jimmie Johnson," "Were Riding on a Rail."

What Is the Best Poem—for Mothers
Worrying About Their
Boys Abroad?

(Continued from First Column.)

or even to a poor woman whose only son has gone across the sea. Would you know what is the most inspiring verse in the English language? (Sit up and take notice, everybody). Here it is:

*Stone walls do not a prison make;
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love
And in my love am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.*